And theſe ſaime thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better ſort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word is ſelfe
Againſt thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To thread the ſmall poſterne of a ſmall needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikelie wonders: how theſe vaine weake nayles
May teare a paſſage thorow the Flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt, like ſeely beggars;
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refnuge their ſhame,
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there,
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indurde the like,
Thus play I in one Priſon many people,
And none contented; ſometimes am I a King,
Then Treaſons make me wiſh my ſelfe a Begger,
And ſo I am: then cruſhing Penurie
Perſwades me I was better when a King;
Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing, ſhall be pleaſde, till he be eaſde
With being nothing Muſicke do I heare; *Muſicke plaies.*
Ha, ha, keepe time; how ſowre ſweete Muſicke is
When Time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of care
To checke Time broke in diſordered ſtring:

But

But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke:
I walted Time, and now doth time waſte me:
For now hath time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighes they iarre,
There watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger like a Dials point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what howre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, which ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the Bell: ſo ſighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time
Runnes poſting on in *Bullingbrooks* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke:
This Muſicke maddes me, let it ſound no more,
For though it hath holp madde men to their wits,
In me it ſeemes it will make wiſe men madde.
Yet bleſſing on his heart that giues it me,
For t'is a ſigne of loue: and loue to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a Groome of the Stable.

Groome. Haile royall Prince.

Rich. Thanks noble Peere:
The cheapeſt of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou? and how commeſt thou hither,
Where no man euercomes but that ſad Dogge,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue?

Groome. I was a poore Groome of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my ſometimes royall maiſters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbroeke* rode on Roane Barbarie,
That Horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtride,
That Horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle friend,

How